

# CATHOLIC WORKER

VOL. XXXVII No. 8

OCTOBER-NOVEMBER, 1971

Subscription:  
25c Per Year

Price 1c

## Struggle in Puerto Rico

By ANTULIO PARRILLA-BONILLA, SJ

(Father Parrilla, Titular Bishop of Ures, has served as both bishop and rector in Puerto Rico. A strong voice of objection to U.S. war-making policies and advocate of draft resistance, he made a pilgrimage to the States last year to visit political prisoners. This article was translated by Thomas Dorney. Ed. note.)

According to a report in the San Juan Star for September 1st, the Resident Commissioner from Puerto Rico in Washington, Mr. Jorge Luis Cordova Diaz, accused us of being "an anti-Puerto Rican element and trying to turn the island over to international communism." In a radio interview aired over WEUC, the radio station of the Catholic University of Puerto Rico, Cordova charged that if a crisis exists within the Catholic Church in Puerto Rico it is due to "the violent and anti-Puerto Rico elements that are trying to do away with everything . . . and turn the island over to the Castroites and the Chinese communists." A group of priests, he added, has been preaching Communist teaching for some time. He singled us out as "an instrument" in this sense.

We have been the recipient of these and other such compliments before: in paid advertisements and news stories, in newspaper columns and articles, in letters to the editors, and in frequent anonymous letters. It has been a while since I have not cared to read anonymous letters. I deposit them in the waste basket. I read everything else, but I do not pay it much mind. And thus we have not replied to these false and gratuitous allegations. This case, however, is a horse of a different color. The allegations were made—matter-of-factly, I am sure—by a highly placed government official. One might expect a bit more sobriety and responsibility in a man of this category.

### McCarthy-Style Witch-Hunt

The least one might expect is that such a person would be on his guard against taking the slippery path that so many politicians, government figures, and industrialists are taking these days: the path of the witch-hunt and of hackneyed McCarthyism. They are unable to come up with arguments in the face of certain truths that, in and of themselves, are neither Marxist nor capitalist nor socialist nor Christian. They are simply and solely truths; and, because they are based squarely on facts and on a scientific analysis of realities, they are irrefutable. They are truths that speak for themselves—with the voice of protest. In a real sense they are revolutionary truths, because of their very nature they lead to certain conclusions which inevitably bring one who sees them clearly to commit himself (or herself) to radical change.

Here is the real sore point not only for Cordova Diaz but for everyone who belongs to the social class that wields political and economic power: people who are determined to preserve the present system, in which various privileged persons have all that they

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## The Song of the Sun

Most loving and almighty Lord,  
Yours is the power and blessing forever.

To You be honor in each of your creatures,  
But first of all in radiant brother Sun. How quietly he tumbles shadows  
into dawn, and warmth into our blood.

Be praised, my Lord, in faithful sister moon. By her the tides and seasons  
run, with her the stars spill across your skies.

Be praised, my Lord, in the bellows of the winds. In their channels  
scarlet leaves and windmills twirl and dance.

And be praised, my Lord, by lowly sister water, pure wine of your creation.  
She babbles and banters in golden streams, making us young again  
in baptism and in rain.

Be honored, my Lord, by stately brother fire. He it is who purifies our  
souls, and brings us homeward in the dark. In his friendship men  
recline to crackling warmth and mellow wine.

Be praised, my Lord, in spinning earth, in worms and churning surf.  
Exalt, my Lord, in green and red, in dark and evening's end.

Tumble down, my Lord, in colored glass, in grass and chimes and horns.  
Be praised, my Lord, in sunly voices, scents and sounding songs.

And, yes, my Lord, be praised in chaff, in aching lives, on bloody trees.  
For it is You who make coins thick, and cast hope on unknown seas.

O praised and blessed be You, my Lord. Let us give You thanks and  
awake with the dead.

Francis of Assisi

## Woodcutters Strike

By MARGE BARONI

One of the most significant movements in the past century for the working man has come to life in Mississippi and Alabama. The woodcutters of the south are traditionally the most defenseless of all workers here since their work is seasonal, unorganized, and has been run on the old plantation store system. The pulpwood and hardwood cutters, haulers and even those who manage to own a truck or two, are at the mercy of the weather, the landowner, the huge conglomerates which operate paper and pulp mills.

For three years a quiet work of organization had been going on among the woodcutters and haulers. The organization became visible when 2000 workers struck the Masonite Corporation plant at Laurel, Mississippi. Immediately the machinery of the exclusion system came into play. Strikers were harassed by the plant's security guards, by the welfare and other social service organizations.

### Mayor Evers' Help

They appealed to the gubernatorial candidates for help. In this case, Bill Waller, the candidate for the Mississippi Democratic "Regulars," and the independent, Mayor Charles Evers, of Fayette, Mississippi, both of whom were seeking the state's highest office. Bill Waller's office said he could do nothing.

Mayor Evers' office swung into action. He began to meet with the strikers and their leaders. He was appalled at the deliberate evasions of the welfare offices, some of whom threatened to call the police if the strikers did not leave their office. The Mayor of Fayette, the first black man to serve as chief administrator of a bi-racial deep south town, immediately identified with the group. The tactics, he pointed out to them, were exactly the same as had been used for decades against the black people in this country. He told them he understood their troubles and would use every friend he had in Washington and elsewhere to help them get the food they needed. He also pledged his own personal effort with the fund named for his murdered brother, Medgar, to put money into their pitifully small strike fund. Jimmy Swan and George Wallace supporters became Evers supporters. The long awaited and long prescribed coalition of the black and white poor of the south became a reality.

The quiet work of James Simmons, an Alabama woodcutter turned organizer, of Bob Zellner and the other Southern Conference Educational Fund people, as well as the great Walters family and Charley Gillespie, has paid off. Alabama, Georgia and now Mississippi are on the way to organization for the wood cutters and haulers.

### Price Freeze?

But what is the strike all about? Who can do anything about the weather and how can a wood cutter be exploited? The answers are contained in a strike bulletin put out in early September. The points covered in the bulletin are exposures of the price and wage freeze of President Nixon, as well as indictments of the huge corporations which have traditionally used sweatshop conditions and

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Vol. XXXVII No. 8



October-November, 1971

# CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly (Bi-monthly March-April, July-August, October-November)

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT

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Editorial communications, new subscriptions and change of address:  
36 East First St., New York, N. Y. 10003  
Telephone 254-1640

Subscription United States, 25c Yearly. Canada and Foreign 30c Yearly  
Subscription rate of one cent per copy plus postage applies to bundles of one hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address

Reentered as second class matter August 10 1939, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., Under the Act of March 3, 1879



## FALL APPEAL

St. Joseph's House  
36 East First Street, N. Y. 10003  
October 1971.

Dear fellow workers whom we love:

Last night three people came in a half-hour after dinner was over, and we were cleaned out. The cupboard was bare. We had meatloaf and spinach and by the time I got in from 5:30 Mass the potatoes and gravy were gone and only a cup of spinach water remained. A most healthy meal. But there were apples from the farm. God be thanked. Which meant enough apple sauce for everyone that evening and for the soup "lions," as Marge's little children used to call our guests years ago, this morning. As for the late late guests, we had a sack of oatmeal, quick cooking, and with margarine and sugar and coffee and apple sauce, they too were served. Another old man came in later and just wanted two slices of bread. "I have an onion," he said. Even as I was writing this a student came in and asked if he could have breakfast and supper with us. "I'm working part-time and trying to go to school, it would ease the strain if I didn't have to buy meals," he said.

Knowing the cost of one sandwich when I am traveling, I can see how much of our money goes for food for maybe sixty or seventy three-meals-a-day in town, and the soup line which goes up to 200 according to the time of month. At the farm they have grown a great amount of vegetables and there are fruit and grapes, so a hundred pound sack of brown rice or whole wheat flour makes everything go far. All this means that I am writing another appeal for help from you, our readers and coworkers. Have you ever read Knut Hamsun's *Hunger*? There is so much hunger in the world even in these times when we can grow so much food.

Hunger makes for bitterness and anger. We are living in a time of violence what with the war extended to Laos and Cambodia. There is also a reflected violence at home, which shows in our thoughts and words often.

St. Augustine has some good advice about voluntary poverty which enables us all to do the works of mercy. "Find out how much God has given you, and from it take what you need; the remainder which you do not require is needed by others. The superfluities of the rich are the necessities of the poor. Those who retain what is superfluous possess the goods of others."

To serve others, to give what we have is not enough unless we always show the utmost respect for each other and all we meet. One of the most moving things in the Attica tragedy was the insistence of the blacks that their religion be respected, the garb of the Moslem, the rejection of pork. When one thinks of the pomp of the Church in its worship, "worship the Lord in holy attire," the Psalmist said; when one remembers that Brother Charles of Jesus was converted by seeing the faithfulness of the Moslem to prayer; when one remembers the integrity and dedication of Malcolm X after his conversion to the Moslem faith, one can only cringe at the lack of respect shown these men of Attica in their demands for religious freedom. Certainly it was one of the demands which could have been negotiated, yet their insistence in that respect for themselves and their fellows only ended in their death.

And I think too that that is what our soup line means. All the young students who live with us show their respect by doing the menial jobs, cleaning toilets, scrubbing floors, washing dishes. Men from this Bowery area also help with the mailing of the 80,000 copies of the Catholic Worker each month. It is a community activity, a little "industry" in which all share in the profits, those profits meaning a place to live, food, clothing, companionship, etc. Of course it is work which men need most. We are ever conscious of that. But we all have that, we are self employed, with no bosses! And no wages! "From each according to his ability and to each according to his need." Or, as St. Paul puts it, "Let your abundance supply their want." So God bless us all, and you too, who have helped us over the years, and will again, we know.

Love and gratitude,  
DOROTHY DAY

## Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

On a foggy day in late October—grey with prelude to November—a bell buoy tolls from the river. I stand on the lawn and feel the chill, electric air, vibrant with the pungence of Autumn and the shriek of jays. The voices of children, which only a little while ago created a minor pandemonium in our livingroom and diningroom, now—mercifully muffled by distance and the thick walls of the old mansion—resound more joyfully. From the driveway area I hear the voices of Marty and Gertrude Paul and Dorothy Day saying goodbye as the Pauls set out on their homeward journey after a pleasant but too-short visit here. Even before I hear the crunch of the wheels of the departing car, I hear new visitors arrive and hellos mingle with goodbys.

October, bright-hued month of great Saints—St. Teresa of Avila, St. Therese, St. Francis of Assisi—is usually a favorite time for visiting the Catholic Worker. Certainly we have had many visitors during recent weeks. But as always we particularly enjoy visits from those who took part in Catholic Worker activities during the early years, those days that now, in the telling and retelling, sound to us who arrived at a later date like a kind of golden age.

Among those who took part in those pioneer days of the 1930's, Marty Paul played an active role. He, Tom Sullivan, and John Cogley were the founders of the first Catholic Worker house in Chicago, and made of it—I am told—a lively center of Catholic Worker thought and action. Later Marty became interested in Peter Maurin's back-to-the-land program and went with a group to start a farm in Minnesota. Still later Marty with his wife Gertrude and their family went to share a farm near Rhineland, Missouri with Larry Henny and his wife and family. Here these two families tried to live in accordance with the spirit of the Catholic Worker and to put into practice as many of Peter Maurin's ideas as possible.

I am also grateful to the Pauls for letting me tape some of their Catholic Worker experiences. Since Marty Paul was one of the young men who traveled about with Peter Maurin, especially on the trips to Rural Life conferences in which Peter was so interested, this tape should be a valuable addition to the tape collection in the Catholic Worker archives.

Now on another day in late October, the afternoon sun has burned away morning fog and chill; and all is October bright again. I think of another sunny afternoon earlier in the month when Jan Kehler (who is visiting us again before entering a convent) and I went for a walk toward the upper fields and woods. Just as we started, the sound of hunters' guns filled me with unease. Then shortly after I heard the sound of wild geese honking overhead, and their cries too seemed full of distress and unease. Had they lost a comrade to the ugly guns? When,

O when, will we human beings learn that we are part of the web of life, and share the glory of God's Creation with many other species? No one would deny the right of hungry people to kill game for food, but sportsmen hunters are hardly interested in this. Moreover many of the species they hunt are dangerously near extinction. The chain of life being what it is, the extermination of entire species of so many of our fellow creatures makes our own survival more difficult, more problematic. Surely we need more of the gentle spirit of St. Francis who loved all his fellow creatures and treated them all as brothers and sisters. St. Francis, pray for us.

Thinking of St. Francis, I recall the evening of his Feast Day when, after Compline and rosary in the chapel, Dorothy Day decided as a special celebration to read to us from Malcolm Muggeridge's new book *Something Beautiful For God* (published by Harper and Rowe) which tells the deeply moving story of Mother Teresa and her wonderful Missionary Sisters of Charity who have done such truly God-devoted work among the poorest of the poor in Calcutta, and now in other parts of the world. Mother Teresa is now in this country where she will start a new foundation in Harlem. Needless to say, she needs money for her work, but most of all she needs the faith and hope and love of many others who truly believe that the terrible wounds of poverty—even the most malignant cancer of racism—can be healed by God's love as expressed in the work of Mother Teresa and her Missionary Sisters of Charity. Malcolm Muggeridge's book *Something Beautiful For God* should be read, I think, by everyone who is concerned about the poor, and by all who want to know how God would have us serve the poor.

Our little celebration of St. Francis' Feast Day was made the more memorable when Dorothy, after finishing her reading, told us something of her own experiences in Calcutta when she and Eileen Egan spent some time with Mother Teresa just a little over a year ago. Then just as we were about to disband, Marge Hughes entered with the message that four young men from a peace organization in Siena College in Albany had arrived to confer a peace award on Dorothy Day. Almost immediately the four young men came into the chapel; and there in the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament presented the peace plaque to Dorothy. St. Francis himself, who prayed—"Make me an instrument of Thy peace," was pleased, I think, by this final tribute to his Feast and the meaning of his life.

Since that Feast Day of St. Francis on the fourth of October, Dorothy has made another trip to the Midwest where she received another award, this time the Eugene Debs award, a tribute to the true radicalism of Dorothy's work and the Catholic Worker position. Since Dorothy is leader and, with Peter Maurin, co-founder of the Catholic

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## CHRISTMAS CARDS

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## News from Delano

By PETE VELASCO

**MUCH GRATITUDE FROM ALL OF US:** The dedication of the RODRIGO TERRONEZ MEMORIAL CLINIC on September 12th at the farmworkers 40-acre overwhelmed us with much joy, renewed faith and acceptance of the true love of our many old-time friends and supporters of six difficult years who came because their heart is with us. We rejoice to see many new friends. **A HANDFUL:** of Dolores Mendoza types (paid by the growers) picketed the Clinic ceremonies. About 2,000 farmworkers who attended the celebration gave highlight to the significance of the occasion. **STRIKE:** The Basic Vegetable and San Ysidro strikes are the only active strikes now being pursued. Both are hampered by injunctions. Basic has moved to Salinas Valley for the onions and garlic there and finds that life in that corner of the world, UFWOC territory, is a bad trip. **BOYCOTTS:** The chief target is the SCAB GRAPE of Lodi and Fresno. About \$1.50 is a price spread for the Union Label. Several growers (small) have signed grape contracts in the last two weeks.

**NEW STAFF:** Fred Ross, Jr., coordinates the Northwest Area. New in the N.W. is Robert Purcell who will do research. In California Molly Titcomb will begin to develop and administer some form of streamlined strike benefit program. The National Farmworker Ministry (Chris Hartmire, Director) has a new associate Director, David Hernandez. Dave from Ohio, knows the Midwest. He will spend several weeks with us organizing before going to the Midwest. **OTHER ORGANIZING DRIVES:** Avocado growers are getting attention in Southern California from Margo Cowan; Andy Imutan began signing up nursery workers in Union City (Northern California); Ray Ortiz and Pablo Esquerdo are working among tomato and pepper workers; Francisco Hernandez administers new Heublein contracts in Napa and Sonoma Counties; in Salinas Valley Jan Peterson and group have La Huella flags flying in almost every non-contract field.

**LEGISLATION:** CALIFORNIA farm labor legislation now seems dead for 1971. Dolores Huerta and farmworker witnesses at testimony sessions clobbered Ketchum's bill so bad he could

only whimper. Colorado, Washington, Oregon, others are frantic for a bill. Defense Fund says, "Keep an eye on 'em, friends." **JIM DRAKE REPORTS:** National Strike Director Jim Drake, just returned from a ten day trip to visit farm labor centers in the Midwest. About 50,000 workers are stranded, unable to earn enough money to get back to Texas. About two workers for every job at 70 cents an hour. Families are doubled up in housing. **STRIKE DEFENSE FUND DRIVE CONTINUES:** with the organizing drive rolling on in many uncharted nooks where farmworkers are without protection, we urge your steadfast and generous support. Please send checks payable to: STRIKE DEFENSE FUND, P.O. Box 130, Delano, California 93215.



Catherine E. Delan

## 36 East First

By STEVE NOWLING

Six a.m. at 36 E. First Street is a time of peace and rest. Of course, John McMullen has been making the day's soup since five-thirty, but his patient preparation of morning and noon meals does not disturb the slumber that breathes through the house. Too soon, the house will awaken from her sleep to the tune of alarm clocks or Arthur Lacey and the calm and order of the early morning will be nothing more than a precious memory of time past and a desperate hope for time to come.

In the meantime, the waking, moving, living, growing activities so vital to a house that is actually a home to more than fifty people will be unfolding at a dizzying rate. If the coming day holds true to the form of the days of the past month, it will be frenetic and chaotic, punctuated with a few

brief moments of tenderness and laughter. Everyone has been pressed with the duties of mailing the appeal, composing the next paper, moving into the new clothing room, and introducing newcomers to the inchoate pattern of life on First Street, to say nothing of the daily responsibilities of working on the soup line, the evening meal, and the house at night. This pressure, mixed with the change of the season to cold, wet, gray New York, has provided an excellent scenario for the violence that has taken place here in the last few weeks. Battles, both physical and verbal, at St. Joseph's House of Hospitality are waged between men and men, women and women, men and women, young and old, black and white. The non-violent goals of peace, brotherhood, individual responsibility, and simple living seem despairingly distant at times.

However, if the last month has proven anything to us, it is that we are alive and healthy and very much a part of the world in 1971. Friction, conflict, and collision are necessary consequences when vibrant, moving organisms are within any proximity of one another.

Many of our brighter moments have been the arrivals of new volunteers. Watching their trusting, innocent faces react to the array of situations and personalities here is so reminiscent of each of our initiations into the Catholic Worker family. Lately, we've had a lot of face-watching to do with the coming of Nancy Hope of Kansas, Annabelle Ivory of Denver, Randy Netley of Iowa, Terry Rogers of Texas, Michael Lloyd of Great Britain, Chuck Lathrop of California, and Tony Equale of Brooklyn. By now they have become accustomed to Julia's wiles, Paul Bruno's silent treatment, and Scotty's cigarette craving.

It is now 7:45 a.m. The house is awake and bustling. Marcel has begun his endless rounds, Louie is setting up for the day's mailing, and arguments have begun in the kitchen. In just a few moments, Arthur will be rousing those who are unfortunate enough to still be sleeping, Walter Kerell will be rounding the corner with the morning's mail, and the rest of us will begin the ritual of the soup line which is the sacrament that unites us with all of the Catholic Workers who have gone before us and with all who will follow.

## RUSSIA, II

# On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

I use the word Russia, because the three weeks tour which I enjoyed this summer together with fifty-four others for "Promoting Enduring Peace" was announced as covering Eastern Europe. That meant Warsaw, Leningrad, Moscow; Sofia, Varna and Zlatni Pyassatz in Bulgaria, and Budapest in Hungary. Thanks to the radical labor movement, with which I was associated for ten years in my late teens and twenties, I was acquainted with people from these countries and with their literature to some extent. So the trip was not just a sightseeing trip, but was rich in associations for me.

I regret that I did not get to Archangel (a famous monastery there) or Murmansk, both seaports in the Arctic Circle and familiar to me not only from reading, but also from a seaman we knew.

I would have loved to take the Trans-Siberian Railway from Moscow to Vladivostok, which Maurice Baring wrote about in one of his novels (but I made the trip as I read Chekhov's letters, when he travelled by carriage across Siberia to visit the prison island of Sakhalin).

I could not visit Zagorsk, the large monastery outside of Moscow, which both Tolstoi and Dostoevsky visited. Was Fr. Zossima from Zagorsk? Did Stravogin confess to the monk there? Nor could I visit Tolstoi's home at Tula, south of Moscow. There were restrictions as to travel. There is a saying in Moscow embassies that there are two dictatorships and the second is that of Intourist. But we were blessed by the kind of guides we had, so gifted in knowledge of history and economics, as well as art, literature and music.

Jim McGovern

I was not the first of the Catholic Worker movement to visit Eastern Europe. I suddenly remembered as I wrote of the Arctic Circle ports that one of our dear departed friends during the first year of The Catholic Worker's existence, was a seaman, James McGovern. He was first mate on a oil tanker, a graduate of Marquette, who lost his faith and regained it, found the CW on board ship in the Gulf of Mexico, and from then on gave his salary to us to pay the printing bill. He walked with us on picket lines between trips, and sent a won-

derful story of a seamen's club in a Russian port for the sixth issue of the CW. (He died during the second World War when his ship was torpedoed off the Central American coast.) The Soviet port he visited was on the Eastern shore of the Black Sea, Novorossiysk. It is southeast of Rostov-on-Don, where my nephew-in-law was working this summer, as he had done the summer before, together with an international team of scientists on some experiments relating to peace, not war.

Karl Meyer

The other young man who visited Russia was Karl Meyer, who at present is serving his sentence of a two-year term (and thousand dollar fine) at Sandstone Federal Prison, for obstructing the income tax system by refusal to pay taxes for war. He had made the San Francisco-to-Moscow walk some years before, joining the march at Chicago. The walk ended at Moscow University, where the students, though not agreeing with the American visitors, demanded that the time of their talks be extended. He also distributed leaflets in Red Square! It was a memorable visit and I think the

War Resisters at 339 Lafayette St., New York, may still have some mimeographed accounts of this adventure.

The hotel that our tour crowd stayed at was just around the corner from Red Square and my guardian angel must have been on duty the evening we arrived, because the room to which Nina Polcyn and I were assigned had a bay window, which looked out on no less than four churches, with their beautiful cupolas each of different design and coloring. It was a joy to get up early in the morning to read the psalms, and sit in the bay window (two comfortable chairs), and look out not only on the churches, but the brisk cleaning job being done by half a dozen women sweepers, who with long-handled brooms and long-handled dustpans whisked up any scrap of paper, stubs of matches or stray leaves from the streets and sidewalks. This has been remarked on many times before by visitors to Moscow, and I think at First street we must give our visitors the same opportunity to comment, by getting busy each day with the same job (when we are not cooking meals, mailing out

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# + + + LETTERS + + +

## Peacemaker Writes

(The following are excerpts of letters written by our brother and co-worker, Karl M., in August and September, 1971.—Ed. note)

Dear Dorothy and

Catholic Worker friends,

Although I very much appreciate letters, as all prisoners do, I had decided that I would not write to you too frequently, in order not to make you feel an obligation to reply, because I know that there are too many people besieging you to write, to speak, to visit. Instead, I like to write regularly to those who receive little or no mail and too little attention: to Lemont, who is laid up in a T. B. sanitarium, under conditions of isolation and restriction much worse than mine, and to Freda, who lives in an old people's hotel dominated by feelings of isolation and abandonment . . .

I was strongly impressed by Hans Kung's article, as reprinted in the June Catholic Worker, "Why I Am Staying In The Church." His ideas are very close to those which I often expressed in conversations on the Church, in past years. They are a convincing statement to those who wish to "plead the cause of Jesus Christ" as the most special expression of truth . . . If Jesus is preeminent as God, I know that the test of his discipleship is not the recognition of his divinity, but the recognition of the brotherhood of man and the communion of all of us.

This has been the quintessence of Christianity for me, from the beginning, as expressed by Paul in the Letter to the Philippians, "He did not see in Godhead a prize to be coveted, but disposed himself and took the form of a servant . . ." I do not feel, therefore, that I offend him if I do not see him in the position of Godhead, but as one among the brotherhood of those who serve life. It is not he, but his followers, who have coveted the doctrine of his Godhead, while he was saying, "It is not those who say to me, Lord, Lord, but those who do the will of my Father in heaven . . ."

I do not see him now as Lord, I see him as brother, along with Gandhi, Schweitzer, St. Francis, Muste—as I see you as sister and mother. I can not believe that this separates me from him, any more than it separates me from you.

I am working toward an eclectic personal synthesis of ideas and values that have come to me through the collective leadership of the partisans of life.

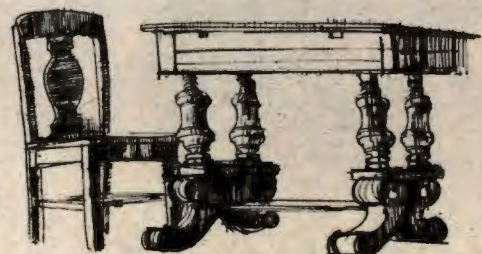
I still understand how there are, within the broader community of life, sub-communities of tendencies grouped around the particular ideas of outstanding individuals. I grew up a Gandhian; later, in my search for belonging, I found an identity within the Christian fold. In the immediate terms of our time, I am more of a Hennacy-Dayist than I am a Musteite. Thus I fully appreciate your devotion within the Community of Jesus and the Christian saints, even while there are forces which draw me aside from that special identification . . .

I, who raised myself on the romantic Legend of Arthur, from Howard Pyle's *Knights of the Round Table* to Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* to T. H. White's *Once and Future King*, from which the musical Camelot was drawn, will try to quote from memory some lines from the final stanzas of Tennyson's *Passing of Arthur*, in which "the bold Sir Bedivere, first made, and latest left, of all the knights" bears the dying Arthur back to the marge of the Lake. There was no one left to whom the magical sword Excalibur might be passed, so, on Arthur's instructions, he heaved the sword out in a wide arc over the Lake,

and an arm clothed in damask rose to receive it. "The old order changeth, yielding place to the new, and God fulfills himself in many ways, lest one good custom, too long continued, should corrupt the world . . . What are men better than sheep or goats, that nourish a blind life in the soul, if knowing God, they lift not hands in prayer to their Creator? More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." A black barge appeared from the Lake to receive Arthur, leaving Bedivere alone on the shore, to live out his remaining years in a monastery. The barge drew away until it was only a speck that finally disappeared in the expanse of the Lake, "and on the mere, the wailing died away, and the new sun rose, bringing the new year."

How often I have called up the vision of that scene, in order to have hope in the unfolding of the new forms of the future. . . .

(This) is probably the best expres-



Rita Corbin

sion I can give of my desire to shed the skin of exclusive or dogmatic definitions of my intellectual and communal identity, without losing my closeness to the community of persons; to shed the skin without losing the locus of the heart. I recall now Peter Maurin's own words that the old ideas, so old that they look like new, must be restated every twenty years.

I was very delighted in going through St. Paul's Letter to the Philippians, written from prison, to find things expressed in a way that is immediately applicable to my own situation:

" . . . It is right for me to feel thus about you all, because I hold you in my heart, for you are all partakers with me of grace, both in my imprisonment and in the defense and confirmation of the gospel . . . I want you to know, brethren, that what has happened to me has really served to advance the gospel, so that it has become known throughout the whole praetorian guard and to all the rest that my imprisonment is for Christ; and most of the brethren have been made confident in the Lord because of my imprisonment, and are much more bold to speak the word of God without fear . . . (they) do it out of love, knowing that I am put here for the defense of the gospel . . . Do all things without grumbling or questioning, that you may be blameless and innocent, children of God without blemish in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation; among whom you shine as lights in the world, holding fast the Word of life . . . Rejoice in the Lord always; again I say, rejoice . . . I rejoice in the Lord greatly that now at length you have revived your concern for me; you were indeed concerned for me, but you had no opportunity. Not that I complain of want; for I have learned, in whatever state I am, to be content. I know how to be abased, and I know how to abound; in any and all circumstances I have learned the secret of facing plenty and hunger, abundance and want. I can do all things in Him who strengthens me . . . The brethren who are with me greet you. All the saints greet you, especially those of Caesar's household."

It is passages like this that make me feel the living presence of Paul and many others across the ages. A man

here asked me to comment on a fellow-worker who did not report to begin serving a sentence. I quoted to him some ideas of Joan of Arc on the right of escape, which she expressed to the judges at Rouen when she asked them to remove the shackles they had placed on her. Later, when I filled out the parole application, he humorously suggested to me that it might be practical to emulate the recantation of Joan. The circumstances are not quite the same: she recanted under the threat of the stake, and denied the counsel of those voices of the saints that were present also to her; and even then, the moment of recantation didn't last long, because she is one of us.

I am reading George Dennison's *The Lives of Children*, story of the First Street free school in New York. He refers to Mary Frances Greene's and Orletta Ryan's book *The Schoolchildren* several times as an eloquent description of the alternative reality of the New York public schools, and he quotes a whole page from Orletta's diary of her classroom. This is part of the beginnings of my studies on childhood education . . . I have also been reading Anatoly Kuznetsov's *Babi Yar*, tragic and eloquent. This week I will start on Edwin Way Teale's *Insect World of J. Henri Labre*. I want to concentrate my readings in the fields of childhood education, psychology and biology.

With love,  
Karl M.

## On Work

R.D. #1  
Narvon, Pa.  
August 28, 1971

Dear Dorothy:

Our sojourn to Maine is like a pleasant dream now. We've been back at the home-place for over a month—I have, that is—Marcia and the children returned about 2½ weeks ago, after a nice long visit with her mother in Florida. I decided, at nearly the last moment, to come back to Pennsylvania by bicycle! And so I did with God's help.

It was a wonderful trip, leisurely yet useful, stopping along the way at various woodworking shops, working here two days, there three. I helped make wooden hay-forks in both New Hampshire and Vermont and had pleasant experiences of working with members of the Chenango County Historical Association at their Craft Fair in Norwich, New York, using an old set of coopers tools in their collection (coopering is boat-building turned inside out).

In the course of nearly three weeks slow travel, one has the chance to observe a lot. One of the things that impressed me most was the obvious decline of the craft of building after, say 1913. Before that time, barns, libraries, town halls, courthouses, schools and homes were built amply—both material and workmanship were not wanting.

(There are, of course, exceptions. Some of the building done in the great depression was of the highest in design, material and workmanship.) But in the pre-1913 era, slate, copper, lead, stone brick, mahogany and oak were forthcoming, as well as a devotion to detail and an honesty and strength.

But then something happened—several things, in fact. With the coming of the income tax and the war, the extra dollars that previously had been invested in solid building were taken by a government that was starting a new and expensive business, military adventures.

And while these extra dollars were being siphoned off for government spending, the tempo of work was speeded up as well, to satisfy the

urgency of war-time living, and somehow we have never quite gotten back to a natural tempo of work or economy since. No wonder some claim 1913 as the last normal year in modern American history.

Enroute southward I had the pleasure of staying with Richard Fahey (also Chenango County, N. Y.) and was inspired by his simple living and love of nature, by his spiritual awareness. I am particularly indebted to him for a discussion about the subject of "work."

After seeing a volume on his shelf entitled *A Theology of Work*, I learned that the Benedictines have regarded manual work essential to the wholeness of man and very essential to man's spiritual life.

A certain period of manual work each day is a privilege when viewed in this way. Moreover, a change of attitude towards work transforms most work from a nuisance to a thing of beauty, of simple honesty.

And when God and eternity are included in the view, work can be well done and each task made complete; whether it be stacking firewood, preparing a meal, or washing clothes.

All, everything hinges on the point of view of the worker—a delightful afternoon's work in the open air of the hayfield or an annoying chore.

"Happiness does not consist of doing what we like but rather liking what we have to do." The heart filled with love and praise of God will touch and arrange his handiwork greatly differently from persons in whom this sense is lacking.

"The loving eye and patient hand shall work with joy and bless the land." (A saying from England.)

With this admiration for God, and faith that He is quite competent to manage the universe, without our anxious advice, we can take more time to do good and complete work. And by doing so, we can enjoy to the full most of the jobs that come our way. We can do the trifles that Michelangelo said make perfection.

With love,  
Daniel O'Hagan

## NOTICE

**SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL FOR GOD**  
—MOTHER TERESA OF CALCUTTA,  
by Malcolm Muggeridge. New York and London: Harper & Row, Publishers, 1971. 156 pp., with 25 photographs, \$5.95. Reviewed by Robert A. Pugsley.

This lovingly prepared and artistically executed book is the outgrowth of a television documentary which Malcolm Muggeridge reported for the BBC in the Spring of 1969. The story of Mother Teresa's vocation to a lifetime of self-sacrifice in the service of the destitute and dying, the poorest of the poor, is one which gives cause for renewed hope that man can transcend himself through an active human brotherhood.

Her Order, the Missionaries of Charity, both Sisters and Brothers, have spread the work of giving material and spiritual comfort to the lonely and unwanted, from its origins in Calcutta to many of the world's cities. Always they are mindful of the fact that it is Christ they see in their fellow human being. This leads to the greatest reverence for human life, in whatever condition it may be found. It also distinguishes their work from that of governmental social welfare agencies. Mother Teresa: ". . . they (the social workers) and we are doing social work, and the difference between them and us is that they were doing it for something and we were doing it to somebody."

The photographs are an integral part of this book, both joyous and sorrowful, always eloquently communicative.



# BOOK REVIEWS

## Solzhenitzyn

**AUGUST 14: PART ONE**, by Alexander Solzhenitzyn. YMCA Press, Paris, 1970, \$7.50 (in Russian). Reviewed by Helene Iswolsky.

Like Solzhenitzyn's two former novels, his latest work could not appear in the U.S.S.R., so the Russian text was published abroad, and the English translation is under way. We shall try, meanwhile, to offer a few highlights from the novel which is already eagerly read and discussed by all Russian-speaking literary critics.

August 14 is the first part of an extensive work which Solzhenitzyn is in the process of writing and which, he tells us, will require many years to be completed. It has caused considerable surprise that the book does not reflect life of the Soviet people today or of a recent yesterday; it describes a remote period and recalls events preceding the revolution, when Russia, her ruling class and her people were engaged in the first month of World War One.

Nor does the novel seek to draw a parallel between that almost extinct period and a later era. If there is a link between the two, it can be seen in the fact that Solzhenitzyn's father fought in the First War and he himself in the second; he had taken part in military operations precisely in the Tannenberg area, where his father had witnessed one of the most tragic defeats in Russian history, and where the novel's first part is mostly situated.

### TOLSTOY'S INFLUENCE

A question arises in the reader's mind. Is not August 14 a new version of War and Peace? Like Tolstoy, Solzhenitzyn places his characters, men and women, old and young, in the center of a vast historic panorama. Since this is only the first part of this panorama, we can see the characters at the beginning of the experience they are to go through; but we can already see them distinctly. Like Tolstoy, Solzhenitzyn offers a detailed description of historic events and of military operations, which may seem, at a first reading especially, somewhat tedious and overemphasized. However, in both War and Peace and August 14, the narrative does not relate to facts as much as to a philosophy of history and a philosophy of man. Indeed, Tolstoy is often recalled in August 14, and his speculations and theories regarding the Napoleonic war of 1812 are discussed in relation to the events of 1914.

The aging prophet himself appears in retrospect in one of the first chapters of Solzhenitzyn's novel; it is like a close up of the teacher of non-resistance in his home of Yasnaya Polyana. But this is but a short interlude; if he inspired the intelligentsia, and especially the youth of Russia on the eve of the war, he did not live to see many of his followers renounce him in order to kill and destroy.

There are many allusions in the novel to Tolstoy's "philosophy of history"; the author often reinterprets it, questions it, even refutes it. But it seems to haunt him, and he constantly shares Tolstoy's love of the people. But here the similarity ends. Solzhenitzyn takes over and even makes a point of saying that this fatal year of 1914 marked the beginning of an entirely new era. He speaks to us in his own vigorous masterful manner, taking the reader along with him on a long and painful journey into the past. The light he casts on this past is almost too harsh to bear. We would like to close our eyes, or at least protect them, as he tells us: "Do you see what I see?"

### RELIVING HISTORY

The people portrayed in Solzhenitzyn's novel lived and acted more than

half a century ago and most of them are dead, as the postscript of the story tells us. He had to revive them, to relive their lives. Since he was not yet born when the Russian army was defeated at Tannenberg, he had to do considerable research to describe this battle. He consulted many sources, some of them almost unavailable in Soviet Russia, but he found them. These sources are contained in history books, military memoirs, encyclopedias and periodicals, odd pieces preserved from those far away times.

But life has been drained from them: they are like dried flowers and dead butterflies in a naturalist's collection, carefully classified and labeled. And so, of course, the story had to be retold by a great writer and humanist.

The very structure and technique used in this novel aim at this "reliving" process. Interwoven with the narrative texture and the dialogues are quotations from newspapers, war communiques, news items and even commercial ads—anything typical of the time. There are straight commentaries of military operation and troop movements, etc. And there are also brief flashes, scenarios of movie-shorts, a battle shown at a distance or in close-up; the most striking scene is a windmill on fire; and the short of the surrender of nine Russian generals to the Germans which has a touch of irony.

There are only a few of these "movie-shorts" in the book; but one might say that it is entirely a series of "flash-backs." Each of them has a precise setting, an atmosphere of its own, an unforgettable landscape. Each scene is unique, representing a moment in time which happened once only and cannot be repeated, only revisited.

There are several major themes in August 14: the personal destinies of the separate characters; the various political movements, ideologies, social and otherwise, which marked this period on the eve of the war especially; the role of those in power, i.e. the high military command in the Tannenberg disaster, which was mainly due to blunder and incompetence; and last, but not least, the role of the people, of the soldiers, mostly of peasant stock. One of the main characters, Georgy Vorotyntzev, a colonel, highly qualified in military tactics, has been sent from the Commander-in-Chief's headquarters to report on the operations. He is a clear-sighted, critical witness of the happenings, but is soon involved in the general debacle.

### MAJOR CHARACTERS

Among the younger heroes of the novel, there is the boy Sanya, a student who was a Tolstoyan. But when the war breaks out, he enlists spontaneously, carried away by the emotions which swept Russia. And there is Sacha, a convinced revolutionary who also joins the army, but in the hope of serving the revolutionary cause in the war.

There is the girl Zhenya, who remains an ardent pacifist; she rebukes her father, a wealthy and influential man, for participating in a patriotic demonstration. And there is Tanya, the nurse, the "woman in white," almost monastic in her severity to herself and her charity to the wounded. We can see that each of these characters represents one of the ideologies and aspirations then prevalent. As in his two former novels, Solzhenitzyn makes each of these people talk in his own distinctive manner; they differ completely from each other, though all are participants of the same drama.

This is also true of the senior protagonists of the novel: the powerful business man who controls all the industry of the region; the wealthy, tough landowner, who exercises his iron will over his wife, his family and

(Continued on page 7)

## McReynolds

**WE HAVE BEEN INVADED BY THE 21st CENTURY**, by David McReynolds. New York: Praeger Publishers, 1970, 270 pp. \$7.95. Paperback. New York: Grove Press, Evergreen. Reviewed by Robert A. Pugsley.

Politics produces few real heroes. The number of men and women who come through the rhetoric and rallies, the backbiting and infighting, the partisanship and pettiness, with a shred of whatever idealism, grace, sensitivity, courage—in a word, character—they might have started with, can be counted, by my estimate, on both hands. Allow me to state my conclusion at the outset; David McReynolds is one of these individuals.

This book, his first, records a Leftist, nonviolent radical's passage across America's (and parts of the world's) political and social landscape—from a California childhood during the Depression to the nationally paralyzing trauma unleashed by the invasion of



Catherine E. Delan

Cambodia and the killings of students on the campuses of Kent State and Jackson State in the Spring of 1970. Most of the essays collected here were originally published over the last fifteen years in *The Village Voice*, *WIN*, *Peace News*, and *Liberation*. Their strength lies in the fact that, as often as not, they were written out of actual necessity, for a particular purpose at the time of the events they describe. They were written, many of them, to inform and persuade and do all of the other things that political tracts, in the finest sense of that term, are supposed to do.

Detachment? You'll find little of that in these pieces, most of them wrought in the midst of the chaos called the Sixties. An armchair has never been Dave McReynolds's accustomed battle station. You will find frequent doses of what the author would call "home truths," hard sayings about reality as he sees it, laid out honestly for friend and foe alike, regardless of the consequences. You'll discover the perception and intuitive grasp of a situation possible only to someone who has repeatedly bothered to slip in the mud without trying to make a virtue out of being dirty. You'll find the personal and the public mixed in the event and in its recollection in the essay; for McReynolds's life is inextricably bound up with his politics, and his politics are inevitably infused with, and informed by, the personal qualities mentioned above. In short, included here are some of the finest examples of "participatory journalism," which, as Paul Goodman notes in his Introduction to this volume, is itself an act of Movement politics, a genre of writing which traces its origins to Orwell, MacDonald, and Agee.

The collection exhibits a respect for language and the meaning of words.

This goes well beyond the matter of style, and affects the very substance of the discussion. A sense of political history serves to protect these essays from any hint of that strident petulance which came to mark so much of the political writing of the late Sixties.

The advancement of the cause one believes in is best accomplished not by exaggeration or the scattergun tactics of smear-phrasing, although they too often produce the most immediately tangible short-term results, but rather by as clear a statement as possible about the way things are. Dave McReynolds knows this difference, and his writing shows that he cares about it. His style might be described, to use a word which has been unjustifiedly burdened with the connotation of snobbery, as "civil."

This characteristic derives primarily from Dave McReynolds' dedication to the ideals of nonviolence and pacifism. A co-worker and self-described "son" of the late and beloved Rev. A. J. Muste, McReynolds' pacifism does not come naturally, and is not a simple matter. In his Introduction, Paul Goodman describes some of the more conventional approaches to this minority ethical-political position, then goes on: "Dave has none of these advantages . . . But he knows that, for various reasons, the pacifist position is correct, and he wills it and stubbornly insists on being consistent to it. It is an act of character."

Pacifism is a working philosophy and lifestyle that has carried Dave through battle against the familiar catalogue of America's social and economic ills: racial hatred, human decay in rotting cities, prisons, the threat of annihilation posed by our ever-increasing stockpile of nuclear weapons, and, above all, Vietnam; for, as he titles Section IV of this work, "Everything Revolves Around Vietnam."

These bitter years of bloody slaughter abroad have torn almost to shreds the fabric of a society once thought seamless. To have been a radical and a pacifist in these worst of times was to have been put to the utmost test of what you're about.

McReynolds has clung fast throughout to that axiom which forms one of the core lessons of Gandhi's legacy: The ends must inevitably come out of the means and are governed by those means. The only revolution truly of the people must be a nonviolent one. The society being sought is in fact shaped by, and during, the very process of getting there.

Pacifism is not based, as some would have it, on an obliviousness to reality. Seven years before the public professions of shock and outrage occasioned by the revelations of the Pentagon Papers, McReynolds was one of the few who expressed this insight:

"Reviewing all the material on Vietnam, it seems to me that the emperor is absolutely naked but the public, including, oddly, the experts on Vietnam and most of the usually sophisticated intellectuals, has been quite unable to spot this nakedness."

Nor does a firm adherence to the rooted values of the nonviolent tradition imply a static vision of changing political realities. Rather, it seems to provide the basis for the changes in perspective and avoidance of sterile dogma so essential to one who wants to work effectively with anyone outside of a small circle of friends. The Left split badly in the middle of the past decade over the goals to be sought and the tactics to be used in trying to end the United States' involvement in Vietnam. In "A Letter to the Men of My Generation," McReynolds is able to get beyond the staunch anti-Communism which marks his generation and which he also avowedly shares, to express solidarity with the National Liberation Front and the North Viet-

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# On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 3)

the papers or answering mail). It would be a relief to get out and stretch and we'll have to start collecting brooms right now. But we'll need shovels, not dustpans. The other day a young student from Oxford took over the job at my urging, gathering up armloads of trash from the gutters, the spill-off from overflowing trash cans blown up and down the street. That one man revolution of the do-it-yourself school, Ammon Hennacy, would approve.

In Red Square itself no traffic is allowed, only humans. My aforementioned nephew, arriving the night before I was to leave Moscow, had written ahead for me to meet him in Red Square at the left end of the Lenin Museum, at seven o'clock in the evening. We had the evening and the next morning together, and enjoyed visiting the Gum department store, and riding on the famous Moscow subway, which is as cheerful, clean, decorated and spacious as it is advertised to be. It is deep underground, perhaps with air-raid shelters in mind, but dear God, deliver us from another war! There can be no shelter from atomic and nuclear war. There are eight million people in Moscow now and the subway extends out in all directions like the spokes of a wheel. A trip on the subway is part of every tour, but we took it on our own. There was of course a river tour, and a trip to the opera and the ballet at the famous Bolshoi theatre. We visited museums and churches which had become museums, though there are many "working" churches in Moscow. Our Lady of All Suffering. Our Lady of Tenderness—these are some of the titles of Mary, Mother of God. Where a former church stood there is now a swimming pool, heated winter and summer. Ivan the Terrible is called Ivan the Awesome. There is a story that he blinded the architect after he had built one palace or church so that he would not be able to design another for any other monarch. But perhaps he is termed "Awesome," the guide told us, because he repented of his sins and made many retreats and turned to God before he died. The guide in Leningrad informed us that St. Alexander Nevsky had been canonized by the Czar because of his great military exploits. He was not a saint, she said, but a patriot and a hero—which indicated to me that she knew what a saint was.

Everywhere there were flowers, like our own. Along the Kremlin wall, and everywhere else little wild flowers also peeped out, chicory (blue sallow), Queen Anne's lace, clover, golden glow. Tourists came from all over the Soviet Union during this vacation time, dressed in their best clothes, and eating ice cream cones. They were expensive but everyone was enjoying them, and the stores were full of goods and full of shoppers.

## Lenin's Mausoleum

It was not every day that the crowds gathered to visit Lenin's Tomb, but they were lined up on the evening we arrived and on the day before we left. The lines twisted like a snake, two deep, such long lines that they extended blocks, and twisted all around the Kremlin wall. As a foreigner, we were supposed to be near the front, but even we were a block or so away, and proceeded slowly. Before we reached the beginning of Red Square, my folding chair was taken away from me and the American Tour guide's brief case, both of which we retrieved easily later. Everybody else seemed to know the rules—no bundles, no talking, no casually loafing with hands in pockets. Dignity and seriousness were the rule. Astronauts had visited the tomb before they set out on their perilous journeys and returned to make thanksgiving on their

return. (The graves of the three astronauts who perished are covered with fresh flowers, and the tragedy is still so recent that people weep as they pass the new graves under the Kremlin wall.)

But first you go to the Mausoleum, a great square block—a most severe contrast to the ebullience, the exuberance, the joy one might say, of the intricately designed, colored and gilded St. Basil's cathedral, which is outside the Kremlin but which dominates both Red Square and the Kremlin. Napoleon, that godless one, had stabled his horses there and wanted to tear it down; but the Soviet government today is constantly at work restoring the beauty of all these shrines. Who knows what the effect will be on the millions of school children who are guided through these museums and "working" churches? "The world will be saved by beauty," Prince Myschkin said in *The Idiot*.

There is indeed something awesome in Lenin's tomb. Entering the mausoleum, you are blinded momentarily after being in the bright sunlight, because inside the lighting is blue and dim. One walks down a flight of stone stairs—a winding flight—into a dim crypt, dominated by an upturned coffin in which the head and face of Lenin are illuminated by spotlight. On either side of this catafalque stands the guard, which is changed every hour, a guard scarcely noticed in the gloom of the surroundings. The lines move slowly, and regardless of the guard, I stopped a moment to make the sign of the Cross and to say a prayer for this man who brought so great an upheaval into the world. (To understand more about the struggle the world is in right now, it is good to read such personal accounts as the work of Lenin's widow, Nadeszda Krupskaya, who shared his exiles and his later work; also the autobiography of Leon Trotsky, whose name was linked with Lenin's until Stalin came into power and the reign of terror began.)

## Kremlin Wall

How fragmentary such an account as this must be. But I must not omit our walk along the Kremlin Wall, where I was moved to see the names of the Americans, Ruthenberg and Bill Haywood, on the Kremlin Wall in Roman letters, and the name of Jack Reed (with whom I worked on the old Masses) in Cyrillic characters in a flower-covered grave, one of many which were on the side of the brick wall we were traversing. I did not see the grave of Madame Krupskaya, but Stalin's grave was behind the Lenin Mausoleum, the last one of a long line of Soviet leaders whose sculptured heads graced the graves. Stalin's grave showed no bust marking his plot. For a while he had shared a place of honor by the side of Lenin in the mausoleum, but his remains were moved in 1961. I felt that my former roommate, at the University of Illinois, Rayna Prohme, should have had a flower-bedecked grave along the Kremlin wall also. She had edited a paper in Hankow, had accompanied Madame Sun Yat Sen to Moscow when Chiang Kai Shek had taken over the Communist dominated city, and was preparing to continue her work as a dedicated Communist when she died in Moscow. Vincent Sheehan tells her story in his book *Personal History*, in the chapter titled "Revolution."

I was interested to read on my return from Europe that Nikita Krushchev, another downgraded leader of the Soviets, had been buried in what some American newspapers termed an obscure cemetery outside of Moscow. But it was really in the famous old cemetery in the grounds of the 400 year old Novodevichye Monastery, which is just three miles from the Kremlin and within sight of the fa-

# Woodcutters Strike

(Continued from page 1)

tactics to rob workers of decent pay, thus preventing them from supporting their families in dignity and some measure of security. The method used by Masonite Corporation was a change from the stick system to the weight system. The stick system meant that 168 cubic feet of wood was a unit, \$20.00 was paid for each unit. The weight system, which Masonite used to replace the acceptable stick system, meant that the hauler or supplier received \$41.10 for the same sized load which used to earn him \$52.30. The cutters say that Masonite is trying to beat the price freeze by cutting their pay. A cut of 20 to 25 per cent in the amount paid for raw material, the wood, is the same as Masonite raising the price for hardboard by that amount. It increases Masonite's profits. The rich stayed rich and the poor got poorer, and the national administration's price and wage freeze was honored throughout the land.

## Strike Spreads

But now the movement is going over into Southwest Mississippi. Wood is being hauled from west to east Mississippi, from Natchez, Woodville, Bude, Meadville, Fayette and Port Gibson, to Laurel and Meridian and Monticello. St. Regis, International Paper and Masonite are still receiving their supplies from innocent strike-breakers.

With Mayor Evers' entrance into the relief and strike fund arena (really the advocate's role to see that people received basic necessities which other strikers have received), word of the need for shutting off all supplies of wood has spread. The ten southwest Mississippi counties are presently preparing to strike in order to aid their brothers in the southeast.

A relief fund must be set up. Clothing, shoes and food, canned and dried, as well as money for the strikers and their families, must be available if the strike is to be successful.

At the present time a truck is being filled with relief supplies in Indiana. Student volunteers from all over the country are being contacted to raise and ship or mail help. The readers of the *Catholic Worker* are asked to help as they have always done. A relief committee has been set up in Fayette, Mississippi. Father William Morrissey, a Josephite priest long identified with the poor and helpless in the area, is Strike Fund Coordinator. His address is:

Father William Morrissey, S.S.J.

St. Anne's Catholic Church

P.O. Box 545

Fayette, Mississippi 39069

Or he may be contacted through Marge Baroni, (601) 445-5890 in Natchez.

mous Moscow University on Lenin Heights. He may have been denied a state funeral, this man who released the prisoners from the slave labor camps and was responsible for allowing Alexander Solzhenitzyn to publish his first great book, *A Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* in Nov Mir, the popular literary journal of Moscow. But he is resting in the company of many Russian greats, such as Soloviev, that philosopher of ecumenism, who so influenced Dostoevsky's thinking. "Soloviev is the prophet of ecumenism, and indeed of everything good in Russia," Helene Iswolsky told me, as I was writing this.

## Chekhov

Anton Chekhov is also buried there, brought back from Yalta where he was dying of tuberculosis. His wife was an actress in the Moscow Art Theater and lived long after him. She continued to act in his great dramas, as he wished to have them played, and when she died there were demonstrations of grief by the people in Russia, who so loved her husband's works.

I remember one of the things Chekhov wrote in a letter after visiting the prison camp in Sakhalin Island. "God's world is good. It is only we who are bad . . . One must work, and to hell with everything else. The important thing is that we must be just and all the rest will come as matter of course . . . My soul is in an upheaval."

Thomas Mann wrote an analysis of Chekhov's plays and his philosophy of work many years ago in an article which appeared in *Masses and Mainstream*. I loaned out this precious copy, and I never saw it again, though I'd like much to get hold of it. I guess I shall have to read over the plays myself and dig out those excellent quotations on work. Or maybe the reader who has my copy will return it.

## More Coming

It can well be seen that my interests on this trip were not so much economic as religious. I am leaving out my account of Bulgaria and Hungary until another issue of the CW. I would like also to recommend to our readers a very clear account of our pilgrimage from the pens of Dr. Jerome Davis and E. Raymond Wilson, the leaders of our tour, which appeared in the October issue of *Quaker Life*.

## Note from Jerome Davis

(If anyone wants a copy of one of my books, *Peace or World War III*, or *A Life Adventure For Peace* with an Introduction by Bishop Pike, I will

send one to you for \$1.50 postpaid, although one costs \$2.45 and the other \$3.75. Write to Friends House, Apt. 25, Sandy Springs, Md., 20860).

## STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

(Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code)

1. Title of publication: THE CATHOLIC WORKER

2. Date of filing: October 1, 1971

3. Frequency of issue: 9 times a year (monthly except Mar.-Apr., July-Aug. and Oct.-Nov.)

4. Location of known office of publication: 36 East 1st St., N. Y., N. Y. 10003

5. Location of the headquarters or general business office of the publisher: Same

6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher: Dorothy Day; Editor: Dorothy Day; Managing editor: Martin J. Corbin; all of 36 East 1st St., N. Y., N. Y. 10003

7. Owner: Dorothy Day, 36 East 1st St., N. Y., N. Y. 10003

8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None

9. For optional completion by publishers mailing at the regular rates (section 132.121, Postal Service Manual.) 39 U.S.C. 3626 provides in pertinent part: "No person who would have been entitled to mail matter under former section 4359 of this title shall mail such matter at the rates provided under this subsection unless he files annually with the Postal Service a written request for permission to mail matter at such rates."

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10. For completion by nonprofit organizations authorized to mail at special rates: Not applicable.

11. Extent and nature of circulation (First figure is average no. copies each issue during preceding 12 months; parenthesized figure is actual no. of copies of single issue published nearest to filing date.): A. Total no. of copies printed: 86,000 (88,000); B. Paid circulation: 1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: None (none); 2. Mail subscriptions: 83,000 (85,000). C. Total paid circulation: 83,000 (85,000). D. Free distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier or other means: 2,000 (2,000). E. Total distribution: 85,000 (87,000). F. Office use, leftover, unaccounted, spoiled after printing: 1,000 (1,000). Total: 86,000 (88,000). I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

WALTER KERELL, assoc. ed., Business Manager



# Tivoli: A Farm With a View

(Continued from page 2)

Worker, we who call ourselves Catholic Workers rejoice in these awards. For though we are most imperfect instruments, we know that true radicalism, true pacifism, true love of holy poverty are the basic tenets from which true Catholic Worker action springs.

To keep fresh and relevant these tenets of radicalism, pacifism, and holy poverty, it is good—as Peter Maurin often pointed out—to hold discussions for clarification of thought. So here at the Catholic Worker farm in Tivoli, we continue our tradition of third-Sunday afternoon discussions, though now and again—as in September—the third Sunday may fall on the fourth. At the September meeting, Professor Norton of Marist College spoke on "Power and Powerlessness," calling attention to some current socio-political theories which evoked some heated discussion after the talk. On the third Sunday of October Fr. Jim Murphy of Albany took a hard look at the hard facts about VietNam. Fr. Murphy, who went with a group of concerned persons to Paris to talk with the peace representatives from North VietNam and the Vietcong, emphasized that all the Vietnamese—North and South—want the Americans and other foreigners to leave. They want to be saved from our salvation. According to some statisticians, we have dropped more bombs on that little country than have been dropped elsewhere in the previous history of the world. We have killed many innocent victims. We have done almost irreparable damage to the land and the people. Finally most of us here in America are surely beginning to realize how much damage the war has done to us, to our people, our economy, our values. We must get out, once and for all, lock, stock, and barrel. Nor should we let Nixon beguile us into thinking the war is over when it obviously is not.

Marty Corbin, Managing Editor of *The Catholic Worker* who also conducts special courses at Marist College, arranges speakers for these meetings. Helene Iswolsky is the behind-the-scenes organizer who sends out announcements and attends to innumerable details. Much credit must also go to some of our young women—Adrienne, Sandra, Mary, Lora, Barbara—for

preparing such excellent coffee and cakes to make the break between talk and discussion a friendly social event.

In addition to those who attend our Third Sundays, we have many visitors, more than I can mention. But I do want to express my gratitude to the wonderful Quaker women from New Paltz—there were seven, I think—who visited one Saturday and did such a splendid housekeeping job for us. Roger Lederer is such a visitor. Several times this fall he has driven over from his home in Connecticut and performed prodigies of work. Since we have seven small children living with us, all of whom—except for young Sam Waes who was born last Spring—are at the run-about, get-into-mischief stage, our large community diningroom and livingroom really need frequent cleaning attention, which they do not always get.

Another visitor who came on a work project was Bruce Most who is traveling about visiting communities with the purpose of doing a book. He spent about two weeks with us, participating in work and play, talking at some length with many of us, and achieving, I think, a reasonably realistic picture of what might be called the Catholic Worker "scene."

Another unusual visitor this Fall was Sr. Boo Funsten, who, though unable to use her limbs from the waist down and confined to a wheel chair, nevertheless travels about by plane, train, car, etc. In spite of her very real handicaps, she seemed to radiate serenity and confidence in God. Hers is the work of prayer and suffering. We hope she remembers us in her prayers.

We not only have many visitors, but also—even without visitors—we are a large family. According to Marge Hughes, who is in charge and who has been keeping count of late, we usually number around sixty persons eating, sleeping, living here. With the old mansion and Peter Maurin house unheated except for some makeshift woodburning stoves, it is sometimes a problem to keep warm at night, and will be more so when Winter comes. Marge tells me that we really do need more blankets. If any of our readers have surplus blankets and could spare us some, we should be most grateful.

A sleeping bag or two would not be amiss. But blankets, I am sure, would be as welcome to those sleeping warm under them as a special blessing from God, a blessing, I think, which would fall even more warmly on the sender.

In such a large family sickness can hardly be avoided. Mike Sullivan is back from the hospital, but is still weak and not really well. Both Mrs. Hame and Catherine Ryan have been quite sick during recent weeks, requiring the doctor's attention. Beth Rogers,



who has been Marge's principal assistant in many areas of activity since she came to help us early last Summer, has of late been almost incapacitated by a sinus infection and a severe cold. Many others have also suffered from colds and viruses.

As usual this Fall, Fr. Andy and several of the young people have gone out picking apples and grapes in nearby orchards and vineyards. Gerry, Jack, and Kofi have been the most regular of these pickers but have been joined from time to time by many of the other young people, including a young man from France who has been visiting us. Some of the pickers always bring home fresh fruit for use here. As a result, Marge and Andy and their helpers have added many jars of apple sauce to the jars of tomatoes and tomato sauce canned from our own gardens. We have also quantities of green beans from John Filliger's garden frozen for winter use. There are also dried beans and much squash from the same garden to put away. We thank God for all who planted and took care of the gardens, for those who went out picking, for all who helped with the harvest.

Mike Kresl and all his helpers (good

cooks and bakers all) are doing a fine job in the kitchen. Our thanks to Mike, Hans, Alice, Adrienne, Claudia, Sandra, Mary, Susie, Lora, Barbara, Beth, Florence, Dominic, David.

There are other kinds of work among us. Stanley continues his writing and printing. Helene writes almost every day. Clare has resumed her teaching in Poughkeepsie. In the evenings she finds time to give Sally Corbin piano lessons. Sally in her turn is teaching her father, Marty. If Marty continues to progress, he and his daughter may be able to play duets together. As for Rita Corbin, she has been very busy indeed preparing her Christmas cards and Catholic Worker peace calendars for sale. All who have seen some of Rita's work will know that whatever she does is beautiful and original.

Now that we are nearing November, the month of All Souls, the month when we pray most particularly for the dead, I am most particularly grateful to Dominic Falso and his work on the Catholic Worker plot in St. Sylvia's Cemetery, given us by our good pastor, Fr. Kane. Our plot—where some eight of our family are buried—had been sadly neglected. But Dominic made it a project this Fall, and put in several days of hard work. The other day when Clare drove me to the cemetery, we found the plot trim and neat with the new grass Dominic had planted growing beautifully. Dominic has further plans for making the plot beautiful. The truth is he approaches this work in the cemetery with the same reverence and care he has for the chapel, where he not only cleans but keeps flowers, picked from Andy's garden, on the altar. At evening prayer, he leads us in the rosary, and one of his favorite prayers is for the poor souls in purgatory. *Then she I am sure pray for him.*

It is morning in late October. Again the fog bell tolls, evoking gray November, the month of All Souls and All Saints, reminding me that the Christian community is never just of this world. Then a chickadee calls at my window—dee dee dee thanksgiving, he seems to say. And I, remembering our great national feast, Thanksgiving Day, and all we have to be thankful for, cry back to the chickadee—DEO GRATIAS.

## + + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

### Solzhenitzyn

(Continued from page 5)

everyone else around him. His motto is simple: "I do not know what God wants, but I know what I want."

We find more attractive traits in two women: the liberal-minded and enlightened directrix of a private school, strong willed but humane; a professor of history who believes that the true roots of civilization are to be sought in medieval Christian culture.

An interesting character is the engineer who, in a dispute with the industrialist and with a radical student, offers his own solution of Russia's political and economic troubles. In his mind it will suffice to tap the country's immense natural resources: there are enough raw materials and food in Russia to satisfy everybody.

He believes in a "union of engineers" to replace the State and govern production. This is not a plan for technocracy, but rather a plan for solidarity and cooperation of all for all. We must note that this engineer, a former political exile, knew and followed the anarchist Kropotkin, a promoter of such a cooperation of all humanity. Such was also the ideal of the "common task" faught by the Russian religious thinker Nikolai Fedorov.

In his portrayal of the military command, Solzhenitzyn draws elaborate pictures of the generals who were responsible for the Tannenberg defeat, or were the victims of the blunders of others. His description of General Samsonov, who failed due to head-quarter's grave mistakes and who shot himself, is very poignant. His death is told in one of the great chapters of the book.

For the rest, the flash-backs of brass are negative. Solzhenitzyn quite ruthlessly brings out the high command's incompetence, archaic set up and lack of understanding of the existing situation: the overwhelming superiority of German armaments and organization.

He shows that incompetence went along, as so often happens, with the puffed up egotistic natures of those in command. In a few flashes on the screen of the past he projects the truth: were these vain, limited men deprived of their uniforms, their stars, epaulettes and decorations, there would be but little left of them. This is a typically Tolstoyan approach; but Solzhenitzyn believes, contrary to his old master, that a spirit of decision, of leadership, could exist and could save the situation.

However, in another chapter he offers us a new and perplexing dilemma: can the irrational development of

history be controlled by us? Such is the question raised by a strange enigmatic character who appears but briefly on the scene: an old scholar in Moscow whom students call ironically "the astrologer." It seems that the book almost intentionally provokes the reader to reach his own conclusions. And it is in this challenging mood that each section of the book concludes with a popular saying or proverb—symbolic of the wisdom of Russian peasant folk and at the same time humorous and profound.

### PEASANT FOLK

And it is this peasant folk who are portrayed by Solzhenitzyn in his most impressive manner. Here are the thousands and thousands of young soldiers who do not understand why they are fighting an unwanted war. In these sacrificed lives, the author shows us how useless it all was, how the holocaust could have and should have been avoided. One of the soldiers has taken shelter together with colonel Vorotyntzev in a trench, where they are both sitting out a terrible bombardment. The private is a country boy, and as the shells are falling and the dead and wounded piling up, he says to Vorotyntzev: "It is like threshing." This is a symbol of patience, the acceptance of suffering and death with complete simplicity, beyond courage.

This is the tragic harvest, lives crushed by flails of steel!

In another scene, soldiers carry on a march of thirty miles two stretchers, one with a wounded man to be taken to a field hospital, the other with the body of the regiment's commander, killed in battle. The stretcher-bearers say that this man must be buried in Russian soil (they are still in German territory). Finally, the march is too hard and it is decided to bury the dead. One of the soldiers, an ignorant, probably illiterate peasant, knows by heart the Russian-Orthodox funeral service and recites it fully in Church Slavonic.

There are many religious moments in August 14; none of them, perhaps, as moving as this burial on the path of war and inhumanity, but all of them reflecting Solzhenitzyn's own faith. Thus for instance, describing a man in prayer, he compares it to a "thirst" to be in communion with God, an urgent need, that nothing else can satisfy.

To be sure, August 14 is a disturbing book, posing a number of unsolved problems. But through them all, the author speaks in a strong, clear voice of that which transcends them. And so, we may turn to one of his proverbs: "The answer to the riddle is short, but it contains seven miles of truth."



# BOOK REVIEWS

## McReynolds

(Continued from page 5)

name, as people seeking self-determination and fighting for survival:

"Too many of us have forgotten why we became anti-Communists. We see the NLF and the North Vietnamese not as living creatures but as abstract symbols holding guns, ideological puppets directed from Moscow or Peking or both. And we are prepared, some of us, to sacrifice them on the altar of an anti-Communism that has become as much a god for us as Communism was for some in the 1930's. Be wary of gods, for they kill people. The Vietnamese peasant is, first of all, human, and only secondarily, is he a Communist, a Buddhist, or a supporter of Ky.

"We must recognize that the struggle of the Vietnamese has long since transcended politics and even its own violence and has become an existential statement about man and his willingness to suffer and to endure . . .

"That is the first point. Anti-Communist that I am, I salute the NLF and Hanoi. Not their politics, which I loathe, but them—as people."

And secondly, he comes to the conclusion, painfully hard for one so openly proud of what America once was, and defiantly hopeful for what it can yet again become, that:

"... This time, the evil we confront is here, at home. Always before, the massive evils have been at a distance from our shores. Now it is within our boundaries . . . The same moral perception that led us to this point must now lead us into an equally committed struggle against our own government."

The real issue is how best to insure that opposition to the war can be carried on most democratically and effectively in a variety of forms, including the voluntary option of nonviolent civil disobedience. The means and ends must be morally and politically consistent, and some degree of vulnerability will most probably be a prerequisite.

Again, Dave McReynolds has put it succinctly in a statement that stands as a summary of his political philosophy well beyond the end of the present conflict:

"All of us in our generation have made our compromises. Not one of us is a political virgin. But we may, all of us, have learned from 1964 that, at the core of radical politics (and not incidental to it), is a sense of morality. That year should have reminded us that we cannot really predict the results of our acts. [This refers to the fact that Johnson, once elected, proceeded to do everything that he was elected on the promise not to do.] And that, for the radical, it is essential to judge the value of the act itself. Means are in the hands

of men—the ends are in the hands of God. I do not mean we abandon logic or rationality, but I do suggest that our rational actions should be infused by a certain moral daring."

Dave McReynolds has accepted that challenge, and has kept the faith.

He clearly perceives the full dimensions of the physical decay and spiritual malaise that grip New York City's Lower East Side in an evertightening vise, and admits in the face of them to a feeling of honest helplessness with which many of us can identify. He doesn't have any simple answers; no one who lives, as he does, in the midst of the problem, ever does. One thing is certain, however:

"... the line, 'insofar as you did it to one of these my brothers, even to the least of them, you did it to me', is a reminder that Christ, who entered the world in a stable, is also the man over whose body I step on my way to work."

In the author's view, the revolution which many are still looking for has already arrived, and the real task now is developing the revolutionary institutions, and redistributing the power and wealth to put us in a human relationship with our highly developed technology and post-scarcity material abundance. The cardinal rule to be observed in achieving these goals is a continuing respect for the people, all of the people, together with whom one must come into the full realization of the new order. The key to this realization is nonviolence:

"If we see the threat violence poses to everyone, we shall not try using it to change society. It is not a question whether we are all saints enough to abandon violence (we are not), but whether we are smart enough. I am not saintly, and neither are you. That is one reason why the surrender of violence is a revolutionary act—because we are being forced to stretch ourselves, to act beyond what we thought possible. History is brutal, catching us always before we are ready, forcing us into decisions we lack the courage to make."

"It is a terrible time in which we live, the city streets haunted with violence, our ghettos swept with addiction, our friends in prison or on trial, unspeakable violence in Vietnam, profound wickedness in our government. And yet, when would it have been better to have lived?"

Paul Goodman makes the observation in his Introduction that, "In any normal society, Dave, at forty, would be at least an Under-Secretary or the chief of a big agency and bound for promotion . . . Unfortunately, we do not have a normal society; nor do we have the right kind of politicians, like Dave, in high places." But we do have them, nonetheless, and as Field Secretary of the War Resisters League, Dave McReynolds is able to reach many people with the message of creative nonviolence.

# Struggle in Puerto Rico

(Continued from page 1)

need and more than they need while the vast majority of people live in utter destitution, in need of everything.

It is fashionable these days, not only in Puerto Rico and the rest of Latin America, but also in other needy areas, for politicians, technocrats, and oligarchs to call bishops, priests, ministers, nuns and committed lay people "subversives," "communists," "Castroites," and "nihilists" for being identified with those who are oppressed, and for defending the causes of the poor, the defenseless, those who cannot speak for themselves, and all those who in whatever way suffer persecution for justice's sake.

In other words, people who are struggling for justice, that is to say, people who are struggling to spread the kingdom of God in this world, are branded with labels and clichés.

## The Crisis in The Church

The crisis within the Catholic Church is a worldwide phenomenon. Until recently, its appearance here was somewhat slow in forthcoming. However, the crisis is not something negative (although there are those who view it in that light); there is a great deal that is positive about it. The Church is in crisis precisely because it is very much alive and because it has a message that it has possessed for centuries, which is one that will provoke conflicts and controversies both now and in the future.

The Church is passing through a crisis which will make it more vigorous, more relevant, and more authentic. The people who are afraid of this kind of crisis within the Church are the very same people who are afraid of the changes brought on by the world being in a state of complete crisis. The Church, moreover, since it is a heaven, should encourage the change of structures that are designed in accordance with values that are diametrically opposed to the gospel, such as the power to dominate and manipulate people, the idolatry of efficiency and money, individualism, destructive forms of competition, etc.

The best thing we could hope for from this crisis would be the clarification of existing tendencies within the Church. To one tendency belong those whose Christianity exaggerates the role of ritual and is oriented primarily toward church services. This is a Sunday kind of Christianity, in which one passively receives the sacraments or engages in a series of prayers and pious exercises.

To the other tendency belong those who, while they do not despise the foregoing and even put a certain value on it, place greater stress on a lived Christianity and on communion in love. People of the second tendency will be involved in every sphere of human endeavor: in the political sphere, in the area of social concern, in the economic field . . . etc.

Because they are truly dedicated to others, to the poor and the neediest who are the majority of the people, they will have to take controversial stands. Such polarization will be healthy. At its roots it is not a process of separation but of purification.

If the partisans of certain ideologies coincide with certain truly Christian positions, well, praise be to God! Still, Christianity is also called upon to question and to criticize the consciences of those who coincide with it in certain positive positions if their ideologies contain certain un-Christian tendencies or premises as, for example, the denial of freedom and the basic dignity of each human person.

For this reason the Christian Church has to take radical stands; it must be independent and free to confront all ideologies, to interrogate them, question them, and criticize them, no matter where they come from.

The Teaching Authority of The Church Cordova Diaz alleges that we are "an instrument" of communist indoctrination. Perhaps he has not had the chance to study and reflect upon the latest pronouncements of the Pope with regard to the social question or, especially, on the "Conclusions" of the Council of Latin American Bishops at Medellin in 1968. If he would do this, he would be persuaded that what we have been preaching as social doctrine and what we have been trying to live faithfully bears the signatures of various popes and of many bishops of the Catholic Church.

Perhaps it would profit the Resident Commissioner if he would study, in addition to the Medellin documents, such encyclicals as "Mater et Magistra" and "Pacem in Terris" of John XXIII and "Populorum Progressio" and "Octagesima Adveniens" of Paul VI. Also: the "Pastoral Constitution on the Church in the Modern World" and, if he has it at hand, the "Schema on Justice and Peace" which the bishops are going to study during the forthcoming Roman Synod.

Be wary of imagining as you study them, Commissioner, that the teaching authority of the Church has fallen into the error of communism. It has not. It is simply that when Christianity has become a way of life it goes far beyond all ideologies and is more radical than all ideologies, because it is grounded in love.

## Welfare Visit

By JO PINTO

(Jo J. Pinto is a young Puerto Rican community activist whose experience in the streets, in jails, and at the Tompkins Square Community Center have made him a militant, but increasingly non-violent, advocate of social revolution. The following is an account of one of his recent run-ins with the system. Eds. Note.)

My name is Jo Pinto. I am twenty-five years old. I have lived in Manhattan all my life. The brothers and sisters of all ages call me J.J. This world I'm talking about, it's good and bad. For the good, all people are good.

I was at the Welfare Department yesterday with my father and I was standing in line with the people. There were about 50 to 100 people waiting since eight o'clock in the morning to pick up their checks. Finally they opened the door to let the people in. I was holding a two month old baby in my arms. Everybody began to push to get through the doors. An old lady, perhaps 80 or 75 years old, was pushed and cracked her head. A lady and I knocked on the door and the officer opened the door. We asked the officer, would he help this old lady because she had cracked her head? The officer said there is no help. We asked if there was a First-Aid kit with bandages in it, and the officer said no. I asked the officer if I could go in with my father who cannot walk well. Because I'm not on Welfare, he said no, I had to wait outside.

A little earlier that morning, the people and I were talking about the problems in going to pick up their checks. One or two people wondered what would happen if it were snowing and we had to wait outside with the kids. I told them that's why the people get down on the Welfare, because people are people and must be treated as human. It's not the people's fault. It's the system's fault, and all sorts of organizations within the government, and the Welfare Department is one of them! That's why there is a revolution going on all over the world.

I can tell you more about the Welfare which belongs to the Government System: they say Money talks and you walk.

## ON THE VERGE OF DEATH

**"IT IS NECESSARY TO WAKE UP THE SENSE OF HUMANITY IN THE WORLD TO SAVE THE LIVES OF COUNTLESS HUMAN BEINGS ON THE VERGE OF DEATH."**

So spoke Pope Paul in his appeal for prayer and fasting on behalf of the more than nine million refugees from East Pakistan. Catholic Relief Services is supplying food rations, anti-cholera vaccine and tarpaulins (protection against monsoon rains) for the thousands of refugees who have fled to Bengal.

**"LET THE FASTING OF THE FAITHFUL BE THE BANQUET OF THE POOR,"** taught the early Christian Church. Please send the fruit of your fasting to:

CHILD-IN-NEED

Nat'l Council of Catholic Women

1312 Massachusetts Ave.

Washington, D.C. 20005